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LITTLE FOLKS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

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OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY

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LITTLE FOLKS.

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CHARLES STUART PRATT AND ELLA FARMAN PRATT.

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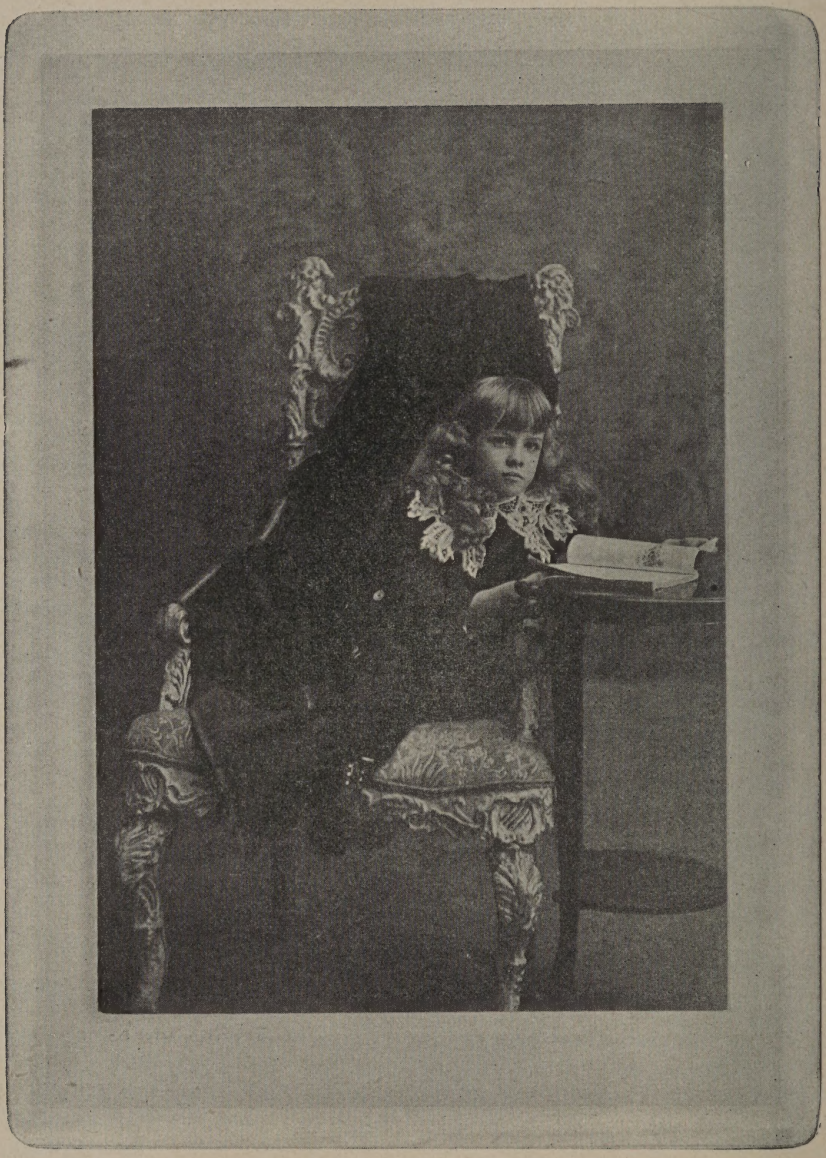

THE LITTLE READER.

The First Prize "B," Class "Beautiful," in the Prize Photograph Competition, was awarded, for this picture, to Mrs. Osmon Royal, Portland, Oregon.

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. III. APRIL, 1900. No. 6.

HER SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THEY took the wee Lucille to Sunday-School;
She never ventured from the teacher's side,
And while the children lisped the Golden Rule,
She gravely watched them, shy and wonder-eyed.
She'd never seen so many little girls—
How sweet they were, all gayly sashed and gowned!
And all the boys in sailor-suits and curls—
'Twas just a scene in fairyland she'd found!
Next morning when they missed her, some one went
Into the garden's depths and found the child
Bending above the pansies—rapt, intent;
"My little Sunday-'c'ool!" she said, and smiled.

Stella Weiler-Taylor.

HOW FRED CROSSED THE RIVER.

FRED'S father was going to Mexico to examine a silver mine and Fred was going with him. They expected to travel four weeks horseback and camp out every night, and every boy in Fred's school wished *his* father bought mines. They went by rail to the city of Chihuahua; there Mr. Bell

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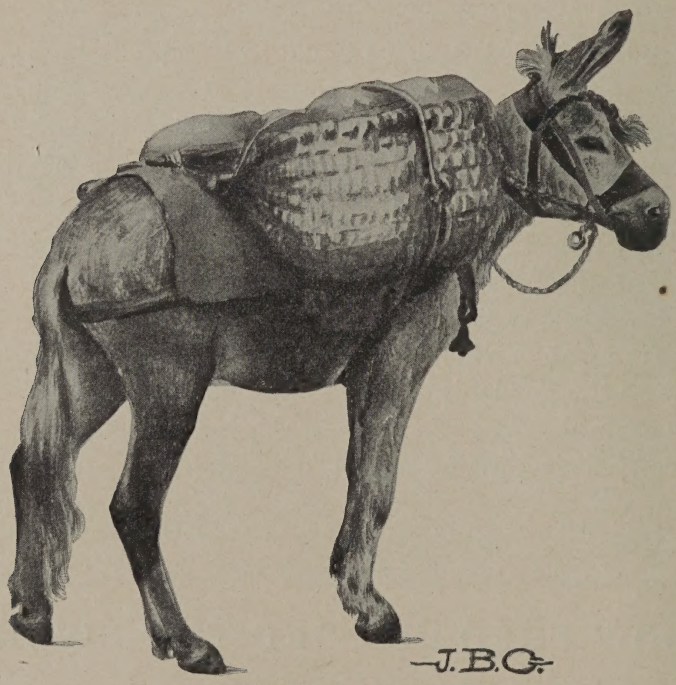
bought their outfit for the journey of three hundred miles into the mountains. There was a stage-coach for one hundred and fifty miles, but as Fred was not very well his father decided to give him as long an outing in the mountain air as possible. So they were to go all the way horseback. Mr. Bell bought two mules for himself and Fred to ride, as mules were safer in the mountains than horses, and he bought four burros to carry the packs of bedding, clothing and provisions.

There were two mozos, Mexican servants, who went afoot to take care of the pack-burros, and to prepare the meals.

The second day, about noon, they reached the Santa Ysabel river, and found that the early rains in the mountains had swollen the stream so that it could not be forded.



A PACK-BURRO.

What was to be done? Fred and his father sat on their mules, on the bank, and looked in dismay at the flood of water that dashed and foamed past them.

Finally some men who saw them came from a neighboring

ranch and told them they could get the burros across, by letting them swim, and swimming at their heads to help them.

So the burros were unpacked and the packs divided to make them lighter. Each bundle was wrapped in oilcloth and tied securely. Then a rope was fastened to the burro's head, one of the men took hold of the other end, the animal was led into the water, and both the man and the burro swam across. The burros had to swim very hard to keep from being washed down the stream, but the men who swam with them helped them by keeping their heads turned toward the current, and they all crossed safely. But they had to make three trips to carry all the packs across.

Fred and his father, who had dismounted to give what help they could, stood and watched them until everything was on the other side. Then Fred mounted his mule, to swim across. His father told him to hug the animal with his legs so that he would not lose his seat in the saddle, to keep his mule's head turned up-stream, and not to be afraid.

Fred said he wouldn't be afraid, and urged his mule into the water, and they started all right. But before they were half way across the river something happened. Fred never knew just what it was. But suddenly, the mule's head was turned down-stream and they were whirling along with the current, sometimes endwise, sometimes sidewise.

Mr. Bell shouted to Fred to turn the mule's head up-stream, but the water made so much noise that the little fellow could not hear, and he would have been unable to obey if he had heard. The mule made many frantic efforts to recover control of himself, but the stream was too powerful; and he always ended by whirling along as before, sometimes endwise, sometimes sidewise, Fred clinging fast hold with both arms and legs.

Mr. Bell ran along the bank on his side of the river, trying to think of some way to help Fred, and the Mexicans ran shouting along the bank on their side. But Fred and his mule continued down stream at a speed that Fred thought must be equal to that of an express train, though it was really not so fast that his father and the Mexicans could not keep up.

About half a mile below the ford, the river made an abrupt turn to the right, and just at the turn the lower bank was quite flat and sandy. Mr. Bell was very anxious about what might happen when the boy and mule reached the swirling water of the bend; but luckily the two were dashed along close to the lower bank, and when the mule felt the sandy bottom beneath his feet, he made a great effort and partly scrambled, and partly was dashed by the water, up on the bank—and then he staggered along for a few feet and sank down on his knees, just as the Mexicans came running up.

Fred slid off the mule's back, dripping, entirely unhurt though feeling rather dizzy, and waved his hand to his father, which was the same as if he had said, "I told you I wouldn't be afraid!"

L. Worthington Green.

A LITTLE GIRL'S FAIRY STORY.

(*Told to her Aunt.*)

AUNTIE, listen! I'm going to tell you a story. . . . . Once there was a Little Girl out-doors playing with her kitty, and a Fairy came along—oh, such a lovely Fairy, with long yellow curls and a soft pinkey dress. And the Fairy said, "Little Girl, come right along to Fairyland!" . . . . . And the Little Girl got into the fairy car, and sat down beside the Fairy, and the Fairy said, "Up! up! up!" And up they went, oh so fast, you can't think! oh, a great deal faster than the cars! faster than lightning! ten thousand times faster than lightning! and then they got up to Fairyland. . . . . And everybody was glad to see that Little Girl. Listen! *I* was that Little Girl. And the Fairy took me all 'round and showed me more pretty things than I could count in a whole year—no, in twenty years! . . . . . Do you want to know what those pretty things were? Listen! all sorts of things; carnations and geraniums and calla lillies, big beds of them, all growing wild.

COASTING IN FAIRYLAND.

And big flocks of canary birds flying about, and . . . . . and little white lambs! . . . . . Do you want to know how the houses look? Listen! very, very pretty! Some are made of gold, and some of silver, and some of glass, and some have pearls and diamonds on them . . . . . And we can coast in the streets all summer! *I* had a coast! A nice little boy with red cheeks lent me his sled. And I coasted very fast, to the end of the street. The children never get run over when they coast! No, never! Listen—the sleds are fairy sleds, and they turn out theirselves. . . . . Do you want to know if they have stores in Fairyland? I think so, but I only saw one little one. What do you 'spose they had in it? Only two things! roses and little babies! . . . . . Wasn't that a sweet little fairy store? . . . . . And then we came home faster than we went—and you did not know I had been away at all. You thought I was asleep on the dining-room sofa!

Emma F. Leonard.

IT WAS COMP'NY TO HAVE HIM ABOUT.

AN APRIL JOKE.

I BUILDED a snow-man, out in our yard,
I put buttons for eyes, and I pounded him hard.

He wore an old hat, with a feather on top,
And I gave him a cane, so his arm would not drop.

He smiled at me every time I went out,
And you know it was comp'ny to have him about.

On April the first, when I was at school,
He played me a joke, which I think very cru'l.

I missed him as soon as I came home that day,
And Bridget, our cook, said that he *ran away!*

HE PLAYED ME A JOKE.

I don't think it was nice when I loved him so—
'Twould have been only fair to have let me know.

I guess he was honest, if not very kind,
For his hat, cane, and eyes, he left them behind.

Sara M. Seely.

I MISSED HIM AS SOON AS I CAME HOME.

WHEN DAISY BELL WAS NOT SO WELL.*

ONE morning Daisy Bell had had her coffee and toast in bed. She was still in her night-dress waiting for Teddy to dress her. Teddy's father saw her as he passed by the open door and laughingly said:

"Daisy, Daisy,
You're so lazy!"

But Daisy Bell did not notice him. And directly, Mandy, the maid, came in to make the bed. She threw back the white coverlet and began to pull off the blankets. Suddenly there was an awful whack—and Daisy Bell lay senseless upon the floor!

Teddy gave a scream and ran and knelt down by her.

When he found that a great hole was crushed in the back of Daisy Bell's head, he put his arms around his mother, and leaning against her shoulder, sobbed aloud.

His mother patted him, and they both kissed Daisy Bell, and they both patted her.

"Oh, mother," said Teddy, "please do something for her. I'm afraid it will kill her!"

Teddy's mother said that he must not cry, because noise disturbed sick people. She held Daisy Bell on her lap, and she told Teddy that he must send for a doctor. She told him they could play that she was the doctor. Then they made this rhyme:

"Oh, dear doctor, can you tell
What to do for Daisy Bell?
She got sick when she fell,
Oh, dear doctor, make her well!"

Then the doctor pinned Daisy Bell's beautiful hair on the top of her head so that the wound could be seen better; and the doctor said it was "a fracture of the skull," and she felt Daisy Bell's pulse.

They laid her upon a lap-board, and the doctor put on some

*See "Teddy's Little Sister," LITTLE FOLKS, Dec., 1898.

glue-medicine and sticking-plaster, and in a few minutes Daisy Bell had already begun to feel better. But the doctor said she must lie quite still all the day and rest; so they put her on Teddy's bed, and he sat down by her to fan her, while his mother read them a little tale.

It was a pretty June day, and Jamie and Marjorie came over the hill to play with Teddy.

They came in laughing and talking; they wanted Teddy to

TEDDY MOTIONED FOR SILENCE.

come out with them and go fishing in the "branch."

Teddy motioned for silence and shook his head; and then he whispered to them both, "Hush! Don't speak so loud! Daisy Bell is sick!

"Oh, Teddy," said Jamie, "is she very sick? What is the matter?"

"She's got a fraction in her head," said Teddy.

"Oh," said Marjorie, "I'm so sorry!"

"So am I, Teddy," said Jamie. "Let me fan her some."

"Is 'ittle baby girl sick muts?" said Marjorie, talking baby-talk.

Marjorie was five, Teddy nearly six, and Jamie was seven.

"It was just awful," said Teddy. "The doctor won't let her move to-day. So I couldn't stand it to leave her, when she is sick."

Then Jamie and Marjorie said they would stay with Daisy Bell, too, and help Teddy nurse her; and Teddy's mother read some more tales, and then it was time for luncheon.

The three children had a little dinner on a little table close to Daisy Bell's bed, and Marjorie fed her some soup out of a salt spoon. Teddy gave her a tiny drink of milk, and Jamie gave her a bite of a strawberry. Daisy Bell was cheerful and patient. She kept just as still as she could, and did not complain at all, though her head must have ached a great deal.

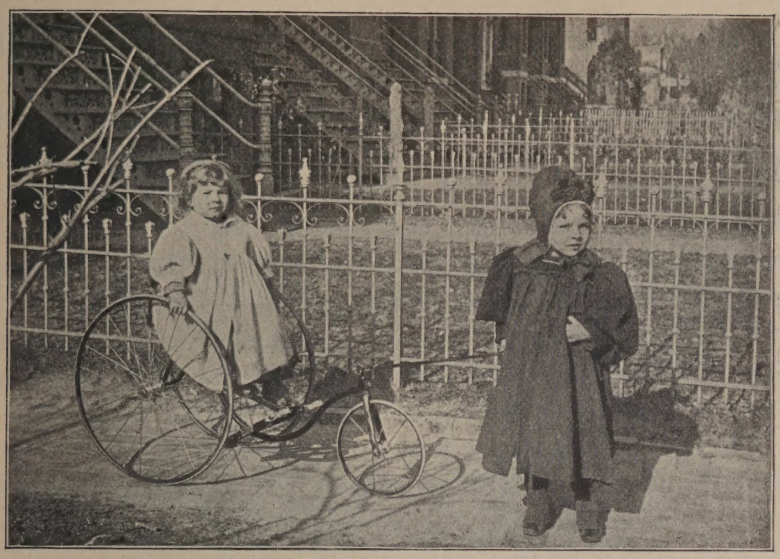
In the afternoon, Teddy's mother said that maybe Daisy Bell could sleep, and that she would stay with her, and the children might play in the yard. They bade Daisy Bell good-by and ran out; but every little while they would tiptoe to the doorway to see if she was sleeping, and Teddy's mother would nod and hold her finger against her lips and they would tiptoe away. So Daisy Bell had a good nap and when she waked, her head began to get well.

Early the next morning Jamie and Marjorie came again to ask about Daisy Bell's health, and Marjorie brought her "Lily Dale" to see Daisy Bell.

They found Teddy out in the yard giving Daisy Bell a ride in the red wheelbarrow, so that she could have some fresh air. Of course she had on her blue coat and her cap to keep her from catching cold.

There was left a dreadful scar on her head and neck as there would be on any little girl's; but Daisy Bell was soon quite well, and the scar did not show when she let her golden hair hang down her back.

Ida J. Bane.



THE FIRST WARM DAY.

HOW MILLIE FOUND THE CALF.

ONE night, when Jamie brought the cows home, he said there was a little calf down in the pasture with "Old Jersey."

"Then," said Jamie's father, "I must go right after supper and bring them both to the barn."

"Please let me go with you, Papa," cried three-year-old Millie. "I want to see the little calf just as soon as I can."

So after supper Millie and her father went off, hand in hand, down the lane, past the corn-field and the potato patch and the clover field, to the blue-grass pasture. There, down in a hollow, next to the oat-stubble field, was Old Jersey, quietly feeding.

"Where is the little calf?" asked Millie.

"I don't know," said her father. "We must look and find it."

So they went about the pasture and looked into all the fence-corners, and into all the places where the grass grew tall; but no calf could they find.

"Old Jersey must have hidden it, perhaps down in the

swamp," said Millie's father. "You and I will just drive her back there, and perhaps she will show us where it is."

So they drove Old Jersey beyond the pasture, into the swamp. But Old Jersey only browsed about among the bushes, as if to say, "My little baby is safe, and I am perfectly contented to feed down here, if you wish me to."

It was now fast growing dark, and Millie's father said Old Jersey must be driven to the barn and milked.

"We will bring her back to the pasture in the morning," he said, "and by that time I think she will be glad to go and see her baby-calf, and we can follow her."

Millie was disappointed, and she felt sorry too, that the poor little calf must be left alone all night. She made up her mind to get up very early the next morning, so as to be ready to go with Old Jersey to the pasture. When she went to bed, she thought about the little calf and cried. "The little bossy is all alone, all alone down in the swamp," she sobbed.

Then her mother came and told her the calf was probably fast asleep now, and they would find it all safe, in the morning.

The next morning, Millie awoke very early, and before she could open her eyes, she said, "I want to go and find the little calfie!"

By the time she was dressed, and had had some breakfast, her father was ready to go. They went out through the barnyard and Millie's father opened the gate to let Old Jersey go into the lane. Then Old Jersey walked away very fast, and they walked fast too, and followed her back to the pasture. But instead of leading them straight to her calf, she only mooed a little and then began feeding on some clover that grew down in the hollow, next to the oat-stubble field.

"Well, daughter," said Millie's father, "I will leave you and Old Jersey here, while I go and look through the swamp for the little calf. She must be hidden down there somewhere. I think Old Jersey doesn't mean that we shall see her."

But Millie's father was hardly out of sight when Old Jersey stopped feeding and began to moo. The mooing sounded different from the moos she made when she came into the

pasture. At the same moment Millie heard a sound off at the further end of the stubble-field. She looked, and what should she see but a little red-and-white calf running toward her!

When the calf reached the fence, it ran along to an open place where Old Jersey stood. Old Jersey had gone to that open place to wait as soon as she saw the little calf coming.

It was a happy time for Millie as she watched the little bossy gets its breakfast of fresh milk and then lie down by Old Jersey's side to rest.

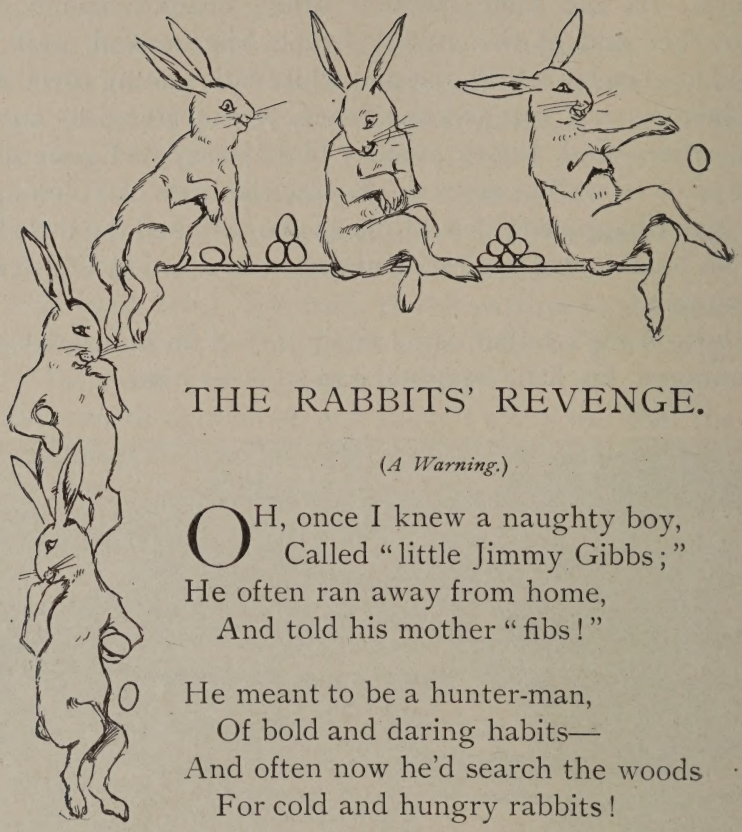
When Millie's father came in sight, half an hour later, quite discouraged, his little daughter ran to meet him.

WATCHING OLD JERSEY.

"I have seen the little calfie, papa!" she cried. "Old Jersey called her to come just as soon as you had gone. She wasn't afraid to let *me* see her little calfie!"

And then they went, all four, up the lane to the barn, the little red-and-white calf trotting along by Old Jersey's side, and Old Jersey keeping a sharp eye on Millie's father.

George J. Hume.



THE RABBITS' REVENGE.

(A Warning.)

OH, once I knew a naughty boy,
Called "little Jimmy Gibbs;"
He often ran away from home,
And told his mother "fibs!"

He meant to be a hunter-man,
Of bold and daring habits—
And often now he'd search the woods
For cold and hungry rabbits!

He'd hunt their beds beneath the snow,
And in the hollow logs,
And boast aloud what he would do,
If he had guns and dogs.

Well, Jimmy one day heard a tale
That filled his heart with joy—
How rabbits brought bright Easter eggs
To every girl and boy,

If only downy nests were made,
Before the Easter day,
In which the bunnies, in the night,
The Easter eggs might lay!

"We'll make some rabbit-nests this year,"
He said to little Jane;
'I guess we'll put them in the shed,
For fear there'll come a rain."

So when the Easter time drew near,
Young Jimmy took his cap,
And Janie took her little hood,
All lined with softest nap,

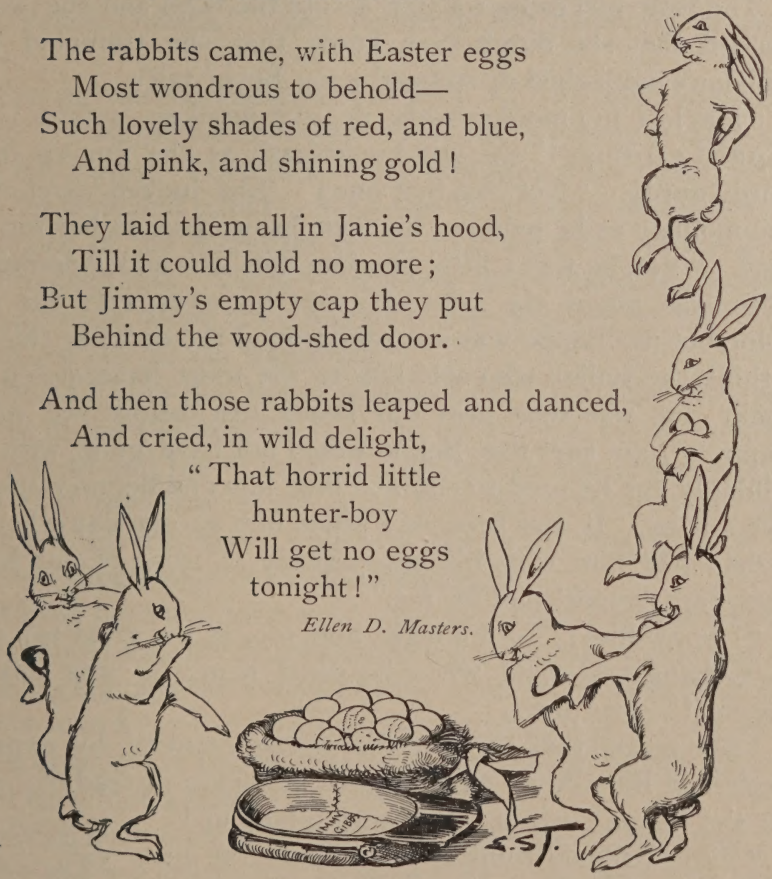
And made of them snug fluffy nests,
Within an empty bin,
And left the wood-shed door ajar,
To let the rabbits in.

The rabbits came, with Easter eggs
Most wondrous to behold—
Such lovely shades of red, and blue,
And pink, and shining gold!

They laid them all in Janie's hood,
Till it could hold no more;
But Jimmy's empty cap they put
Behind the wood-shed door.

And then those rabbits leaped and danced,
And cried, in wild delight,
"That horrid little
hunter-boy
Will get no eggs
tonight!"

Ellen D. Masters.



THE YELLOW-CAPPED MONKEY.

CHAPTER VI.—A New Friend, and the Way to Divide a Monkey.

THE hurdy-gurdy's music stopped short, the mill-wheel ceased to turn, and the dusty miller stood still, with the bag of meal upon his back; the little boat was motionless upon the blue-paper waves; the goose-girl ceased to drive her flock to market and the geese stopped quacking so suddenly that their bills remained wide open.

Every one of the boys and girls upon the lawn stopped talking, too, as the little stranger girl's voice impatiently repeated the question:

"*Have* you seen anything of a monkey with a yellow cap?"

The little girl came rushing across the lawn and she was so excited that she didn't even know that she trampled upon Philena's dahlia-bed or stepped upon Bevis' tail!

"I've lost my monkey—the dearest monkey, with a yellow cap and ear-rings!" she said breathlessly as she ran up to the hurdy-gurdy. "Not like that one!" She looked carefully at the monkey as he held out his little brown paw to her for pennies. "Yes, he was a little like him, too," she added doubtfully. "He was about the same size and his eyes were the same color, but my Beppo was not bald around the ears like this one. I think the Italian who sold him to me must have stolen him back. He was seen near our house just before we missed Beppo. I am sure that Beppo would not have gone with him willingly, for he used to cuff and beat him and Beppo would cry like a baby. It was because I pitied him so, one day when the Italian had him with his hurdy-gurdy in front of our house, that Papa bought him for me."

"I know him! I—I bought him, too, at the great toy place in Gobang and—and when he came home he was this one instead!" cried Bee.

"She means that she got the wrong monkey, by express," explained Billy Boy. "And I got a pumpkin instead of a drum for the Pekoe Guards. It is very mixed up!"

"Well, I should think it was!" said the little girl. "All I

know about it is that I want my Beppo!" And she found it pretty hard to keep back a sob.

"I—I want him too!" said Bee Brown, and *she* found it hard to keep back a sob. "But, of course, if he was yours first you feel worse than I do!"

"We haven't either of us got him!" said the little girl. "But you have a monkey and a beautiful hurdy-gurdy. The hurdy-gurdy that Beppo's master had had figures and things in front like that, but newer and handsomer ones. There were ladies and gentlemen dancing, and a company of soldiers marching to war, all in red and gold uniforms!"

"The new uniform of the Pekoe Guards is going to be red and blue," said Billy Boy. "I am Captain Billy Boy Brown of the Pekoe Guards." And he made the little girl a polite bow.

The girl turned and looked at Billy Boy and made him a little bow. "I am Miranda Makepeace Jones," she said. "But they call me Pinky. I live in Gobang, and that is my father who is talking with your father. My father is the editor of a paper and he is one of the managers of the Philibeg fair. We're going to Philibeg now. There's a meeting of the board of managers this evening, so we are going to stay in Philibeg all night and be at the fair all day tomorrow."

Bee and Billy Boy began at once to tell her that they were going to the Philibeg fair, too, the next day, to carry the pumpkin and to find the drum that belonged to the Pekoe Guards, and that they had some hope that the monkey had been changed in the same way and that they should find the yellow-capped monkey at the Philibeg fair.

All the boys and girls upon the lawn began to guess whether they should find the drum and the yellow-capped monkey at the Philibeg fair, and the Pekoe Guards voted on the spot that they would search for the yellow-capped monkey just as long as for their drum—and that meant that they never would give up until they found him!

"With such a lot of boys and girls to look for him, and your father and my father, too, I really believe we shall find him!"

THE FIRST NIGHT AT THE BROWNS'.

said Pinky Jones, and her voice sounded as if she didn't know whether to laugh or to cry.

"Which of you will have him?" called little Polly Spencer, in a piping voice, from behind the hurdy-gurdy. "You can't divide a monkey!" (Little Polly Spencer's father was a lawyer and she could "do" fractions when she was five.)

Bee Brown and Pinky Jones looked at each other, under the Japanese lanterns.

"If you have him I shall know that his cruel master can't cuff and beat him," said Bee bravely.

"We *can* divide him," said Pinky Jones. "You can have him half of the time and I the other half. And the one that hasn't him can make visits to the one that has!

"That's just exactly what we will do," said Bee happily. "And you shall have him first because he belonged first to you."

Bob Brown whispered to Tommy Pritchard, the drummer of the Pekoe Guards: "The yellow-capped monkey is on the way to Italy by this time, it's most likely! But you can't tell girls so because they will cry."

"We may find him at the Philibeg fair," said Tommy gravely. "But it seems like a fairy story where things turn into something else."

Bob Brown, thirteen years old, wasn't going to listen to nonsense like that. Fairy stories were all very well in their way, he liked a good one himself; but he knew very well that the Pekoe Guards' drum hadn't turned into a pumpkin, or the yellow-capped monkey into another one!

Very soon after this the boys and girls went home, Pinky Jones and her father went on to Philibeg, and the Browns went into the house.

They took the hurdy-gurdy but they actually forgot the monkey—the monkey that was the wrong one.

He snapped off all Philena's dahlias and then he went off to the poultry-house and tweaked a rooster's tail that was sticking through the slats.

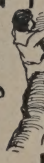
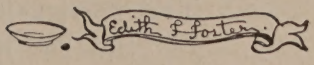
(*To be continued.*)

Sophie Swett.

JIMMY CROW.

VI.

Jack's Mama was making . "Please, Jack," said she, "get me some cold water." Jack took his and went out to the . Jimmy Crow went too. He sat on Jack's , bouncing up and down as Jack worked the . Then took the which hung on a and filled it at the . But as it touched his , Jimmy reached round and snatched it, and flew up into the big cherry . "April-Fool!" called out Pepper from Grandma's window. Jack was vexed. "Bring that back!" he shouted—but only chuckled. Jack jumped on a , and began to climb the tree. Just as he reached up to grab Jimmy's Jimmy hopped to the next

higher, tipping the , and all the water splashed down into Jack's . "April-April-Fool!" cried from the . Jack felt more vexed than ever. He dropped his and hurried, but Jimmy hopped as fast as  climbed, till they reached the top of the tree. Then, just as Jack thought he had him, dropped the , bang! on his , and flew off to the of the . "Oh, you bad Jimmy!" cried Jack, and started to climb down again. And all the way Pepper screamed, "April-April-Fool!" and giggled and giggled till had to laugh too. Then he carried in the of water, and told all about it. "I didn't mean to get fooled once today," said he, "but has fooled me three times already." They both laughed, and Mama gave him a whole little apple , baked in a 

"IN THE VIOLET BOOK."

WHEN VIOLET HAS HER PICTURE TAKEN.

WHEN Violet was but one year old,
With dark-blue eyes and hair of gold,
With dimpled chin and tiny curls,
She was the best of baby girls,
And had her picture taken.

At two, when she began to talk,
And stood alone and learned to walk,
And dressed her dolls, and laughed away,
The merriest little girl at play,
She had her picture taken.

When Violet grew to be three years,
With sparkling eyes, the best of dears,
And went with Nurse into the park,
And learned to sing—the little lark,
She had her picture taken.

And now we have a Violet book,
In which we always love to look;
We put her pictures all in there,
With lots of room for more, whene'er
She has her picture taken.

Montrose J. Moses.

AT THE BIG WHITE SALMON SAW-MILL.

PART II.—The Movers' Fire.

WHEN it was supper-time at Aunt Lilly's, and Mary Ellen came out on the porch to ring the big dinner-bell for the children, the Movers were just fixing their Camp for the night.

The Movers' children were all in bed in the wagon, beneath the feather-bed with their mother. The father lay under the wagon, with his potato-dog beside him. Benjie had made a little fire close by an old stump, because, he said, it was better and safer for them to have a fire to keep off wild beasts since they were in a strange country not cleared and inhabited.

The fire twinkled so pleasantly that they hated to leave it to go down the hill to supper. But Benjie heaped little stones around two sides of it and said that he was sure it would "keep."

When they had reached the foot of the hill, and crossed the little log bridge, they parted, and Benjie hurried with all his might into the boarding-house to eat supper, and Twin Teddy and Twin Dora and Dorothy hurried with all their might into

their house, for they thought there *might* be a little while longer to go back and play before dark.

While they were all at supper, suddenly Mary Ellen ran out of the kitchen, around to the front porch, screaming "Fire! Fire! The brush's on fire back of the boarding-house!"

Uncle Philip dashed out of the house, and a whole swarm of men came running out of the boarding-house, and Aunt Lilly cried, and Dorothy's mother looked very pale; for truly there were great yellow flames roaring down the hill, right toward the saw-mill and the office and the Dynamo.

Nobody ran up the hill to fight the fire. It looked, at first, to Dorothy, as if Uncle Philip and the men meant to let the

WHERE THE FIRE STARTED.

fire burn. But in two minutes more Dorothy knew better, for by that time the men had the big pump going, and the big hose from the mill was playing streams of water all up and down the hill. In ten minutes every twinkle of the fire was out!

Then the men all went back into the boarding-house to fin-

ish their supper as if nothing had happened. Uncle Philip came back along the path towards his house, and he could not help seeing the children cuddled together down in the dusty pennyroyal close to the old cedar stump beside the path.

Uncle Philip stopped. And he said, "Did you set that fire in the brush, children?"

Benjie said, "I did, sir!"

The other children said, "*All* of us-es did!"

Then Uncle Philip said gently, "All look up at me. You must never set a fire out-of-doors without permission!"

They all looked up, and one by one they said, "No, sir." And Uncle Philip told them to run along to supper, then. And Twin Dora and Twin Teddy and Dorothy went into Aunt Lilly's, and Benjie went to the boarding-house.

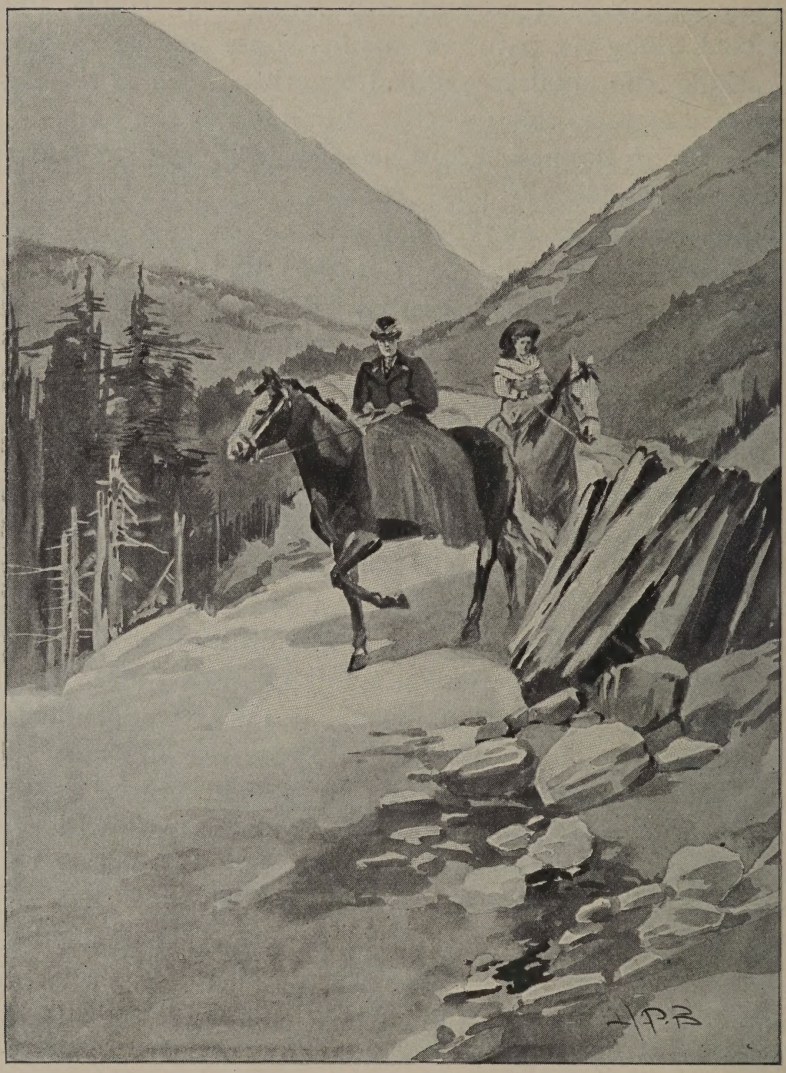
After supper the men came out to sit on the porch at Mr. Dickson's. They sat in chairs, all over the porch, and in rows on the steps. Benjie came out, too, for he loved to hear the men tell stories and talk politics. He and Dorothy had said that of course they would not go up the Trail again that night.

The men fell to teasing Benjie about the fire. Benjie bore it as long as he could. And then he rose up, and he walked very straight up the steps and across the porch, and at the door he turned and said, "You men joke unendurably!" And then he went into the house, while the men laughed and cheered his long school-house word!

The next morning, very early, as soon as Benjie could be spared, the children climbed the Trail to see what had become of the Movers and the doll-buggy and Teddy's coffee-mill.

They were all there! The fire had started down the hill, just below the Camp, and not a spark had touched the Camp itself. It had made the Trail much wider, but spoiled its pretty green look. And Dorothy said, "Isn't this a mercy that the wagon wasn't burned! For now we can go on to Alaska!

But they never did. Because the next day, the Dynamo Man began to make a little electric merry-go-round just big enough for the dolls to ride in. So the Movers all came down

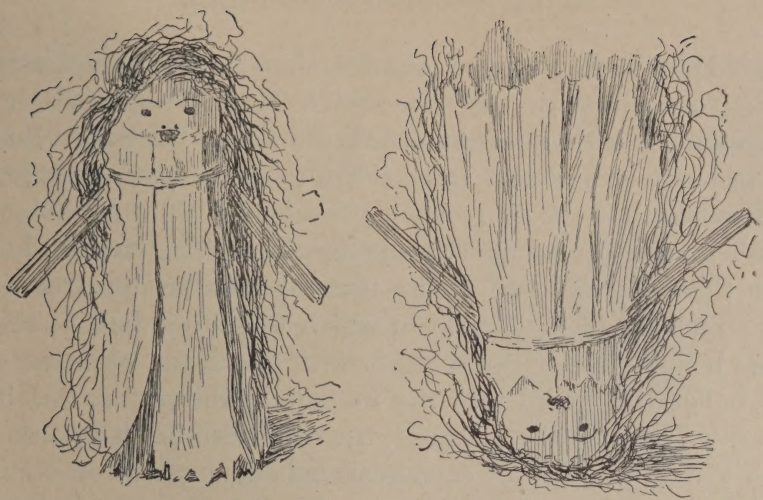


HOMEWARD BOUND.

in their wagon, and lived in it while waiting for the merry-go-round to be finished.

The Movers settled around the Big White Salmon Saw-mill, and gave up all idea of going to Alaska. When Dorothy and her mother came down the mountain to go home, in the fall, the Trail had quite grassed over, and you would not know that a Mover's wagon had ever passed that way.

Lucia Chase Bell.



CORN-PITH DANCING GIRLS.

OVER IN THE CORN-FIELD.

(*Two Little Southern Girls and their Garden-Plays.*)

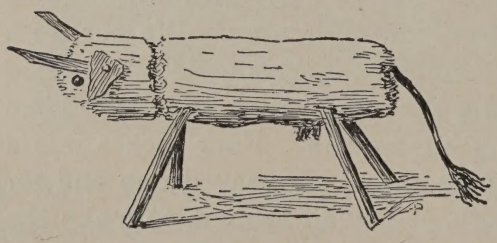
THE big corn-field reached up to the flower-garden and we children had many play-places just through the hedge, in among the tall rustling stalks. Many a fine ear of corn did we spoil, we and our playmates, white and black, to get corn-silk to make curls to deck ourselves. Funny enough looked the wooly-headed black girls with long twists of rosy and gold corn-silk hanging over their brown ears.

Later when the stalks were dry, and the pith within well-formed, we make comical little corn-pith cows. We cut off a nice joint of corn-stalk. We split the horny outside and peeled it carefully away so as to leave the pith clean and whole. Then we cut off just the right length for a cow. Four inches was a good length. With our pocket-knives we shaved one end for the head, and cut into the pith, evenly all around, to make the neck. From the hard outside of the stalk we split off two little "hooker-hookers," like those of the cow in the riddle, and stuck them into the head for horns—we used our knives to make places to stick them in. The two "harker-harkers" were cut from the same material and pinned on. Two large black-

headed pins made the two "looker-lookers." Sometimes a strand of dry corn-silk made the "one switch-about;" sometimes it was a strip of the stalk cut thin and frayed out at the end. Last of all, we stuck in four stiff slender "run-abouts," corn-stalk legs—and there stood the cow—such a comical cow!

We made little corn-pith dancing girls. The favorite height was three inches. First, in the top of the head we dug out a nice round little hole in which to glue a bullet; or else three little holes for three big "shot." In some of these dolls the bullet was glued into the foot-end, instead of the head. Then we marked the features; the eyes with black ink, the lips with red ink. Out of corn-husk we cut dresses for our pith girls, with scalloppy points around the bottom; we wound them around the neck with a bit of sewing-silk. Then we stuck in little arms cut from corn-stalk. Last of all we glued on long floating hair—dry brown corn-silk. It was fun to have ever so many corn-pith girls together! Those with bullets at the top would dance and turn summersaults, and then stand on their heads. When we stood the other kind on their heads they would dance back to their toes every time.

Sometimes sister and I made a Young Lady. Her name was "Miss Maize." We selected a fine joint of pith, and a fine ear or two of corn, with clean, perfect husks—"shucks" southern children say instead of "husks." We broke the ear from the stalk in a way to keep a piece of stem. We carefully laid open the husks and broke the fine fresh inner ones off close to the stem, so that they would keep their round clinging shape, to use for clothes.



A CORN-PITH COW.

We made the Young Lady herself like the pith-girls, only taller, and rounded her head and shaped her a nice neck. But we drew her features with a sweeter expression; her eyebrows and eyelashes were very carefully done, and her mouth was small and sweet and red, and we wound her rich

corn-silk hair around her head in a beautiful close fluff instead of letting it flow loose.

To dress her, we cut off two of those fresh inside husks at the bottom, at the right length for a skirt, and scalloped them; the rounded tops just fitted around her waist. Next we cut a flowing cape with tiny points at the neck, and tied it on with a bit of pink ribbon—we used two husks for this cape. But the making of the bonnet was the best part! The stem-end of a small husk would fit her head exactly, and we cut it in front to please our own taste; a large poke, or else a "shaker" was the most becoming. We sewed on a little flap behind, for a crown-piece. To trim it, we cut out flowers of husk, and cunning little feathers. When her bonnet was on, and she stood under the green fig-tree, dressed all in that rich stiff golden stuff— oh, lovely, lovely Miss Maize!

"MISS MAIZE."

We laid her within the outer husks of the ear, tied them lightly with a thread and, carrying the dainty sheath by the stem, took her to the house. Then, what an enchanting pleasure for everyone, to peep at her in her golden closet! All winter we would keep her in our little bureau. We might build cob cabins and cob wigwams down stairs for our gay corn-pith girls—but Miss Maize the Young Lady, always dwelt apart, like an Enchanted Princess.

Martha Young.

THE soft snowflakes without the pane,
The little Baby called White Rain.

M. J. H.

I CANNOT MAKE IT OPEN!

THE BIG FRONT DOOR.

I HATE the big front door, I do,
It shuts so hard and tight;
I cannot make it open, though
I try with all my might.

Outside the sun is shining bright,
There's lots of things to play;
But the big door's shut me in the house
And here I have to stay.

I asked it twice, politely, too,
To please to let me out;
But it hasn't budged a little bit—
I think I'll have to shout!

Then Mama dear may hear my voice,
And *make* the door obey
And open up to let me out
Into the shining day.

Sophie N. Schuyler.

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LITTLE FOLKS has given such good premiums that to offer of a still better one is not an easy matter. But there isn't a reader who enjoys LITTLE FOLKS who will not agree that this premium for one new subscription is the very best one ever offered. Having occasion to reprint some of the numbers of the first volume, the publisher decided to make up a thousand volumes. These have been strongly bound with cloth backs and with handsome covers, lithographed in colors. These same books are sold in all the stores at $1.25 each. This large volume is probably the best and handsomest book for children ever issued. It contains about three hundred new pictures, made expressly for LITTLE FOLKS, and is full of delightful stories by the best writers. The continued story "The Littlest One of the Browns," by Sophie Swett, has the same characters as "The Yellow-Capped Monkey," now being published. "The Booboo Stories," by Miss Gertrude Smith and Miss Johnson's "What Did the Black Cat Do?" are wonderfully interesting to the little listeners as well as the older readers.

It is quite likely that if a stranger were to make you such an offer, you would not believe it could be fulfilled. This is the offer—as long as the thousand volumes last you may have one for a new subscription to LITTLE FOLKS. The book is a large one and will cost you 20 cts. extra if sent by mail, or, if you desire, it will be sent by Express, not prepaid. Please understand–The subscriber securing a new yearly subscription to LITTLE FOLKS, at one dollar, will receive the first volume of LITTLE FOLKS, beautifully bound as described above, as a premium. This offer is made only to our present subscribers and the new subscription must not be a gift from some friend but must be paid for by the one who is to receive the the magazine, or by his or her parent. This premium and the magazine costs the publisher much more than a dollar and he wants to be reasonably sure that the new subscriber will continue to take the magazine after his present subscription has expired. If all the subscribers to LITTLE FOLKS could see this premium the thousand copies would not last a week. Who will send the first order?

ESSEX, N. Y.

Dear Little Folks:—We are two little sisters, eight and six years old. Our names are Myra and Abby Walker. We live on a farm, and have two pet cats, a dog, and a horse to play with, and we ride and drive when we please. We go to school every day, and the school house is just a few rods away from our house. One of our cats belongs to me, (Myra); he is a very large white cat with a few Maltese spots on him, and his tail is all blue. Sometimes he goes out of doors and gets his face very dirty, and when he comes in he lets me wash it for him. We like you very much, We have a little friend who takes you, and she said she liked the letters better than any other part, and she meant to write to you, some time. Her name is Elizabeth Jones. Your loving little friends,

Myra and *Abby Walker.*

FULLERTON, CAL.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl ten years old. My brother Frank who is seven takes you and I read you and like you very much. I live about twenty miles from the Pacific Ocean. We all like to go to the ocean in the summer. I like to go in bathing, and like to watch the men catch fish on the wharf. There are a good many flowers here, and I gather violets, roses and orange blossoms all winter. Mama sent a box of California flowers to a sick lady in the East for Christmas. She says "Flowers do not grow there Christmas time." I also like to go and gather California poppies on the hills. They are very pretty. I always like to read the letters in the Letter bag, so I thought I would write one. This country is very pretty in winter, with the snow on the mountains, the hills all green, and the big yellow oranges hanging so thick on the trees. We hung our stockings up for Christmas and it was lots of fun to hunt out our presents.

Alma Swain.

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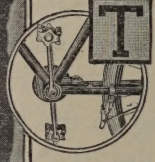

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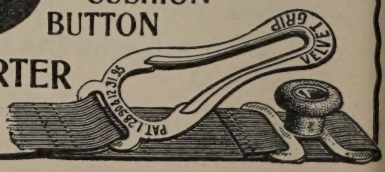

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NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Dear Little Folks:—My aunt in Virginia gave you to me for a Christmas present, and I like you very much indeed. I live in New Orleans, and we have a large garden with many beautiful flowers. I wish I could send some to all the little children who read "*Little Folks.*" I have a pony named "Pecan" and a dog cart all my own; and I have also a little country pony at our place across the lake; his name is "Sullivan" and he has blue eyes. I have a dog named "Beauty;" he is a setter and he is white with yellow spots just like Sullivan, the pony. I had two pug dogs but they died; their names were "Piggy" and "Alick" I like all the stories, but I think I like "Jimmy Crow" and "Sir Bobbie" best.

Vivian Tebault.

ANDOVER, MASS.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl nine years old, and I like you very much. I like "Billy Boy Brown," and the "Roggie and Reggie Stories" and the letters best. I have four kittens. I take music-lessons on the piano of my Auntie, and go to the fifth grade school. I have a lovely teacher. You are the fourth magazine I have taken, and I like you best of all. I have seven dolls that I like very much, but Pansy is the best.

Harriet Ricker.

CHICAGO, ILL.

My Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl eleven years old. I am very fond of reading you. Having seen the letters of others, I thought I would write one.

I spent last summer at the Dalles of the Wisconsin with mother and sister. My sister not being very well, we stopped at a private boarding house instead of at one of the resorts. It is situated half-way between the Cold Water Canon and the Witcher's Gulch, these two being a mile apart. We stopped with lovely people, and they had a little girl my own age. We had great times together. In wanting to know and see everything about the farm, I frequently got into trouble. When I wanted to see the little bits of pigs, and would climb over the the fence, the old mother pig would chase me. Then I wanted to see how each cow knew where to go to her place in the barn to be milked; so I went in to watch them come in. They began to come in on one side of me and then on the other, and I had cows on all sides of me, which scared me very much. So I just jumped up and down and "hollered." When the man came to my aid, he said that he thought it was a new "cake walk" I was dancing; that it could not be the cows as they were tending to their own business. I fell out of the hay loft; jumped into a hornet's nest; fell into the river; rolled down the mountain side, and many other things which I have not time to tell about

But I had a good time and want to go back next summer.

Edna Smith.

•••• THE ••••

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WASHINGTON, N. C.

Dear Little Folks:—My Aunt Lucy gave me a whole year of pleasure when she sent you to me. I am a little girl seven years old. I am going to take you again this year. I go to school and can read almost well enough to read my own magazine. I am so pleased when my Papa hands me my mail. I have a brother named Lindsay ten years old. We had lots of fun going down the hill on our sleds last week when it snowed. Santa Claus brought us lots of nice things and we had a happy Christmas. We have lots of buff Cochin chickens; they are so big and fluffy. We hunt for the eggs for Mama. We have a lovely Jersey cow named "Bessie." She is as gentle as a kitten and rubs her nose on our shoulders when we go to see her. Goodby dear *Little Folks*. I love all your nice stories. I have several nice dolls and make clothes for them.

Elizabeth Blount Warren.

ASBURNHAM, MASS.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl seven years old. I cannot tell which one of the stories I like best for I like them all.

My father is a doctor. We have two horses, and a kitty named Tommie. The horses' names are Bess and Cæsar. I have taken you ever since you were published. I go to a brick schoolhouse and am in the third grade. I had our books for Christmas besides lots of other things. I am going to try to get some new subscribers. I have some cousins who take you. I coasted on the crust Saturday with another little girl named Ruth and had lots of fun. I gave my kitty a ride too. Our home is in sight of Cushing Academy. It is a good school. I hope to go there sometime. My Papa and Mama think you are very nice and I wish you came every week.

Hazel Ella Fosgte.

UPPER ALTON, ILL.

My Dear Little Folks:—I love you so well that when ever the first of the month draws near, I always want my father to stop at the Post Office to see if my magazine has come. At night I am anxious to get home from school to see if it has arrived.

I am 10 years of age and I am in the 4th grade at school. I go to a country school; you will be surprised when I tell you there are only eighteen pupils that go. There is one other girl in my class.

Sara Blanche E. Cartwright.

$100 Reward, $100.

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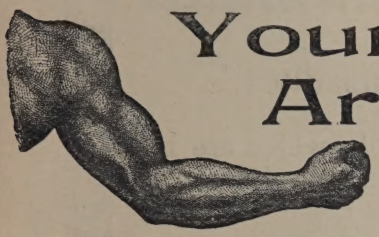

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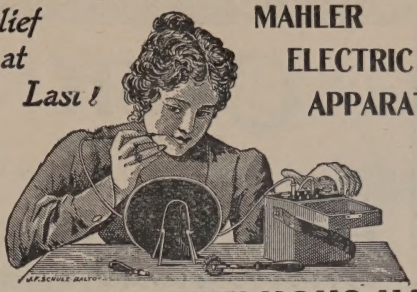

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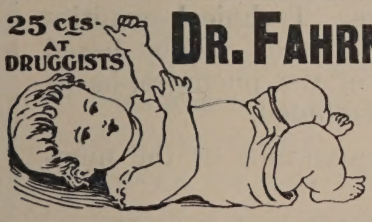

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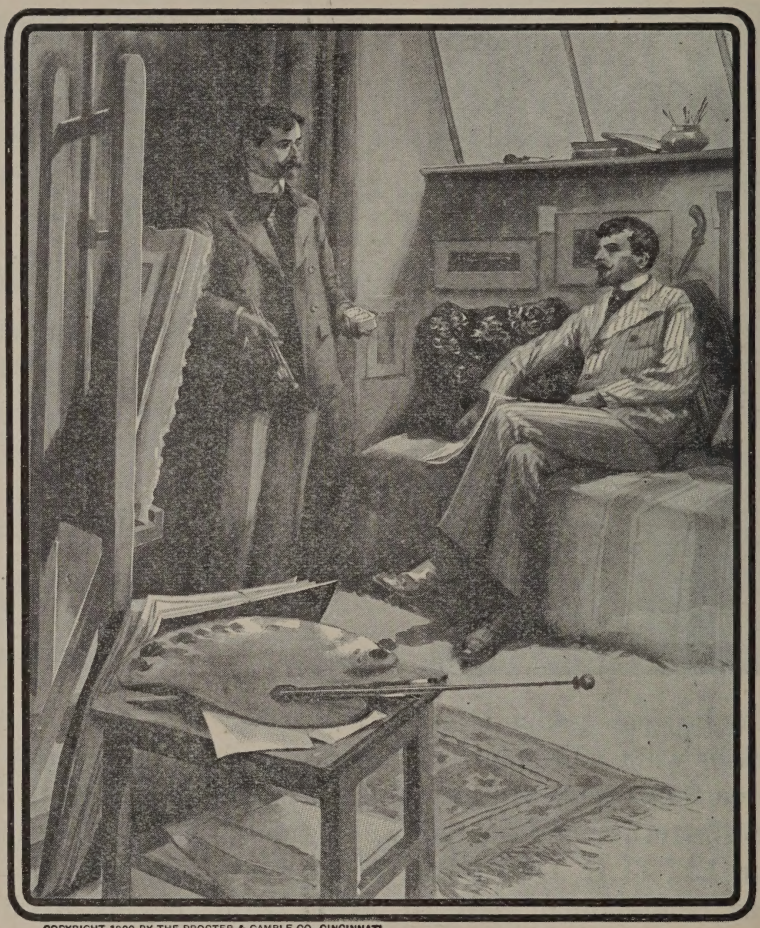

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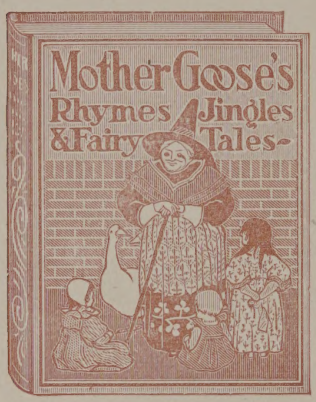

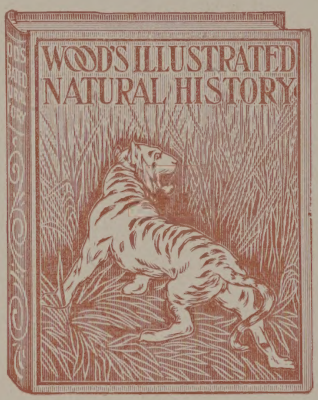

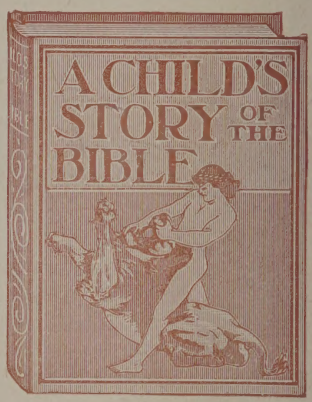

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